

SHINING TIME STATION

"THE NICKELAIRE CLUB"

BY

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From characters and storylines created by
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TORONTO DRAFT
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SCENE 1
(MAINSET)

(SFX: TRAIN PULLING OUT)

(DAY. NEAR PLATFORM. STACY STANDS OVER AN OPEN MAIL BAG AND HANDS OUT LETTERS, READING NAMES AS SHE GOES.)

STACY:

Kara...Becky...Dan...Here's one for you Schemer.

(HE FROWNS AT IT AND OPENS IT AS HE WALKS OFF.)

(WITH SCHEMER AS HE READS, WITH DAWNING JOY. THEN HIS DEMEANOR CHANGES FROM AN EXCITED KID TO A FLATTERED, SUAVE ADULT. WHEN HE FINISHES HE LOOKS UP, AND STARTS STRIKING "SOPHISTICATED" POSES. THE KIDS JOIN HIM AND SETTLE ON BENCHES WITH THEIR MAIL)

KARA:

Looks like you got a good letter Schemer.

SCHEMER:

Why, yes, my child.

(KARA SMILES AND PROCEEDS TO IGNORE HIM AND READ HER OWN MAIL, AS DO THE OTHERS. FINALLY SCHEMER CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE)

I received an excellent letter.

(NO ONE PAYS ATTENTION)

Yes, a very flattering letter and -- HEY!

(THE KIDS LOOK UP)

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER (CONT'D):

I shouldn't tell you this, but I have been invited to join the Nickelaire Club.

BECKY:

What's the Nickelaire Club?

(THE KIDS RESUME STUDYING THEIR MAIL. SCHEMER CONFRONTS THEM)

SCHEMER:

My dear child, The Nickelaire Club only happens to be the most exclusive, the most prestigious, the most hoity- toity fancy-schmancy high tone club in the entire Indian Valley.

(THE KIDS ARE DEADPAN)

I know. You're asking, "Who belongs?" I'll tell you who: la creme de la menthe of the whole area. Businessmen, political guys, movers, shakers -- in a word, important people. Like me.

(HOLDS OUT LETTER)

Read it and weep.

KARA:

"Mr. Hobart Hume the third will visit Shining Time Station on Thursday to assure that Mr. Schemer is suitable for membership in the Nickelaire Club.

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

That's today. But who's
Hobart Hume The Third?

SCHEMER:

Hobart Hume THE THIRD
Owner of Snarlyville
Toxic Chemicals, Inc.,
one of the truly great
chemical companies from
here to Snarleyville.
And president of the
Nickelaire Club.

DAN:

If he's coming here, I
hope he likes trains.

SCHEMER:

He doesn't have to like
trains. He pays people
to like trains for him.
A man of that degree of
wealth, and power, and
classiness -- he's too
busy being important to
do anything. In a word,
my kind of guy. If I can
impress him, I'm in --
which means I gotta get
home and spiff up my
appearance.

(HE DASHES TO PLATFORM)

Meanwhile, if Hobart Hume
III shows up on the
premises, tell him what a
superior guy I am. Even
if you have to make
something up.

(HE KISSES THE LETTER AND EXITS)

(THE KIDS REACT)

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

How come Hobart Hume the
Third needs to check out
the Station? What's that
got to do with Schemer
being in his club?

KARA:

Maybe Hobart wants to see
if they can hold club
meetings here.

(AS THE OTHERS NOD, MR. C. APPEARS)

MR.C:

Did I hear someone
mention a club?

DAN:

Schemer's going to join
The Nickelaire Club.

MR. C:

Well, clubs can be fun.
I belong to two myself.
One is the Messy Club.
Once a month the Club
meets and makes a big
mess of things. My
house, my backyard -- you
name it.

DAN:

I do that all the time.
And I'm not even in a
club!

BECKY:

But who has to clean it
up?

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

MR. C:

Who else? The Clean Club! I'm a member of that, too. They're both very exclusive, which means that not just anybody can join.

KARA;

What do you have to do become a member?

MR. C:

You have to be me. I'm the only member of each one. In fact, I'm off to a meeting of the Messy Club right now. I can't wait to mess things up! I'll tell you how it goes.

(LOOKS AT WATCH)

Whoops. I'm late. I hope I don't start without me.

(HE DISAPPEARS)

(ANGLE ON SCHEDULE BOARD -- STACY AND BILLY ARE FINISHING PUTTING UP NEW TIMES AS THE KIDS ARRIVE)

DAN:

Aunt Stacy, have you ever heard of the Nickelaire Club?

STACY:

Oh, yes. Very fancy.

(BEAT; WITH AN EDGE)

If you like that sort of thing.

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

DAN:

What do you mean?

STACY:

Well the Nickelaire club
is one kind of club.
There are other kinds.

KARA:

Like what?

STACY:

Well, let's just say
there are clubs that like
to welcome people in, and
there are clubs that like
to keep people out. Now
in my club, we love
getting new people. I
belong to the Hoofers'
Association. Membership is
open to all professional
tap dancers and anyone who
wants to learn how.

BECKY:

Why would any club want
to keep people out?

STACY:

It makes their members
feel special. The fewer
people they let in, the
more important they think
they are.

BILLY:

Like the Nickelaire Club,
for example?

STACY:

Let's talk about
something else.

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

BILLY:

Sure. Glad to.

BECKY:

The president's coming today
to see Schemer. Hobart Hume
the Third.

STACY:

Well, Schemer's excited
about it, so let's help
him make a good
impression on Mr. Hume.

(BEAT)

Schemer will find out
soon enough about the
Nickelaire Club.

SCENE 2

(INT. DRESSING ROOM)

(THE PUPPETS ARE IN A TIZZY)

TITO:

I've been to my tailor and
picked up my tux. We are
moving uptown, children!

DIDI:

Yeah! If Schemer gets in
the Nickelaire Club,
we'll go, too! Can't you
just see this old jukebox
in their fancy schmancy
Club lounge...

TITO:

...important people with
lots of nickels gathering
around...

DIDI:

...and Schemer actually
showing some class for
once.

TITO:

I mean, can you dig it or
can you dig it?

GRACE:

I do not dig it.

TITO:

I knew that you could,
because...

(DOES DOUBLE TAKE.)

What's not to dig?

GRACE:

I don't want to move to
some fancy-pants club. I
like it here.

SCENE 2 (CONT'D)

(CLOSE UP OF TEX IN MIRROR)

TEX:

Goes double for me, Rex.

(PULL OUT TO REVEAL REX.)

REX:

Which means quadruple for
me, Tex.

(PULL OUT TO INCLUDE DIDI, WHO
WALKS INTO SHOT.)

DIDI:

You mean you guys don't
want to join the
Nickelaire Club?

TEX:

I've had my fill of
clubs, period. 'Member
when we joined that Twins
Club, Rex?

REX:

And how, Tex. Spent
three hours the first
meeting saying, "Now,
which one are you? Are
you John, or Ron? Are
you Ted or Fred? Are you
Jan or Ann?

TEX:

And another three hours
saying, "I'M Tex. HE'S
Rex." Got me so
exhausted I ended falling
asleep out on a table
full of barbecued chicken

SCENE 2 (CONT'D)

REX:

That wasn't you, Tex.
That was me.

TEX:

(BEAT; SLOWLY)

I always wondered why my
clothes didn't get dirty.

TITO:

But I look so good in a
top hat.

(HAT FALLS OFF.)

SFX: KLUNK

SCENE 3
(MAINSET/ARCADE)

(MR. C.'S SIGNAL HOUSE -- DAN, KARA, AND BECKY ARE PLAYING A BOARD GAME AS --)

(MR. C. APPEARS -- A MESS. HE HOLDS A FULL WASTE BASKET IN ONE HAND AND A DECK OF CARDS IN THE OTHER)

MR. C:

Speaking on behalf of the membership of the Messy Club -- all of which consists of me -- let me say that our current meeting is a smashing success. Also a spilling success, a dumping success, and a throwing-things-around-the-room success.

(DUMPS WASTE BASKET)

This has been the best messy meeting I've had in days.

(RE: TRASH)

I'll pick that up in a minute.

KARA:

Mr. Conductor, can we join your club?

MR. C:

I'm afraid not. A club like the Messy Club can only exist A) if only one person belongs who lives by himself who, B) also belongs to the Clean Club, which comes in afterwards and tidies up. Which I will, in a moment.

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER(OS):

(OS- FORMALLY INTONING)

"The Honorable and Most
Fabulous and Neat Guy,
and Our Newest
Nickelairian --
Schemer --"

(MR. C. PANICS --- HE MAKES A TOKEN
EFFORT TO CLEAN UP THE TRASH,
BUT THERE'S NO TIME . HE
STARTS TO DISAPPEAR, UNDER --)

MR. C:

Gotta go! Sorry!

(-- AS, ON PLATFORM, SCHEMER
ENTERS: HE'S WEARING SMOKING
JACKET, ASCOT. HE CARRIES A BIG
CARDBOARD CARTON AND AFFECTS THAT
AIR OF "SOPHISTICATION," COMPLETE
WITH HAUGHTY ACCENT.

SCHEMER:

You young people. How
youthful you are in your
youngness.

(AS KIDS STARE DEADPAN)

No, don't get up. By the
way, has a Mr. Hume the
Third asked for me.

DAN:

Not yet, Schemer.

SCHEMER:

Splendid. Of course, he
will, I assure you. But
this gives one time to
arrange a few modest
treats I've brought for
his elegant snacking
enjoyment.

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

(HE TAKES A CARTON TO TICKET DESK,
UNLOADS TREATS: A DISH OF TOFFEE,
CAKE, AND GINGER BREAD MEN. KIDS
JOIN HIM.

My mommy made this
toffee. And this
cake is my favorite.

DAN:

Wow, great, can we have
some?

SCHEMER:

Forget it! Bug off!

(RESUMES ACCENT)

I mean, bug off for the
moment. Later, when Mr.
Hume leaves, if there is
any left, you may sample
some of ...these.

(HE PRODUCES AN ASSORTMENT OF
GINGERBREAD MEN.)

They're my mommy's specialty.
I like to eat the head first.
I bet Mr. Hume the third
does too.

KARA:

How do you know Mr. Hume
likes to eat the head first?

SCNEE 3 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Because I like to eat it
first , that's why! And
we're each other's kind
of guy! Now beat it. I
got to practice.

(SCHEMER REACTS TO AN
IMAGINARY GENTLEMAN AND STARTS
PRACTICING BEING ELEGANT AND SUAVE.
THE KIDS STARE)

Ah, Mr. Hume.. And Mrs.
Hume, how charming... But
perhaps you can assist me
with something I wonder
about in my brain: after
one plays polo, do the
men and the horses take
showers together? Or are
there separate showers
for man and horse alike?

(ANGLE ON PLATFORM: HUME ARRIVES
IN FANCY SUIT AND COAT. HE'S
CONDESCENDING, TRANSPARENTLY PHONY
IN HIS EFFORT TO BE "FRIENDLY."
SCHEMER DOESN'T SEE, KEEPS TALKING
TO THIN AIR)

HUME:

Can someone help me,
please?

(SCHEMER TURNS, FREEZES, PETRIFIED.
THEN FINDS HIS NERVE AND RUSHES UP.
STARTS OFF ELEGANT BUT ENDS UP
BOWING AND SCRAPING)

SCHEMER:

Mr. Hume, I presume?

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

HUME:

And you are...?

SCHEMER:

(GRANDLY)

Schemer, sir. At your service, under your thumb, in your pocket.

HUME:

Ah, the candidate. Let me begin by saying that this visit is only a preliminary evaluation. I will have to return to the club to ponder your suitability, and then come back for one more interview. Is that agreeable?

SCHEMER:

Definately, sir.

(USHERS HIM INTO STATION)

But come. Let us not stand around here exchanging in pleasantries. Please be so kind as to gratify my graciousness with your presence unto this place, your honor.

(HUME WALKS IN, LOOKS AROUND, SEES KIDS)

HUME:

These children -- must they be here?

SCHEMER:

Well, they... work here. I employ them to entertain me and my guests.

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

Yeah, right.

DAN:

Get serious, Schemer.

(SCHEMER HUSTLES HIM AWAY FROM
KIDS, TOWARDS STACY'S DESK)

SCHEMER:

But never mind about
them. Let me show you
the station. This desk,
for example. Isn't it
amusing, and so forth?

HUME:

Please. Heavens!

(ANGLE ON BILLY'S OFFICE -- STACY
AND BILLY EMERGE. HE IS NEUTRAL;
SHE IS WARY. HUME SEES HER AND
APPROACHES)

Miss? Kindly tell the
station manager I'm
here.

STACY:

I am the station manager.

HUME:

I don't wish to speak to
this girl. I wish to
speak to the station
manager himself.

STACY:

Herself. I am the
manager.

(HAND OUT, TO HUME)

Stacy Jones.

SCNEE 3 (CONT'D)

HUME:

Ah. Very well. Hobart
Hume the Third.

(AS THEY SHAKE)

Jones. I know that name.

STACY:

It's rather common.

HUME:

I'm afraid it is, my
dear.

BILLY:

Billy Two Feathers.

HUME:

Really? Translated
from the French, perhaps?
"Deux-Plumes"?

BILLY:

Nope. From the Yankton
Sioux.

HUME:

Ah. Good for you. To be
an Indian in today's
world takes such courage.

BILLY:

We don't say "Indian."
We say Native American.
And our courage comes in
different forms.

SCHEMER:

(HEADING OFF TROUBLE)

Isn't he terrific, Hobe?
May I call you Hobe?

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

HUME:

No. I find the use of
nicknames to be quite
gauche.

SCHEMER:

Right. And you can't
call me Hobe either.

(FAKE LAUGH)

I'm kidding, of course.
You can call me whatever
you want.

HUME:

This is all so tedious,
isn't it? Why don't you
have those children
provide a little
entertainment for us. A
song, perhaps.

SCHEMER:

They'd LOVE to!

DAN:

You're kidding, right?

(SCHEMER DASHES TO ARCADE, TO
JUKEBOX, UNDER --)

SCHEMER:

Oh, Dan, don't be so
juvenile.

(ARRIVES, GETS NICKEL)

How about "Old Joe
Clark"? You know that
one, don't you, Hobe?

HUME:

Of course not.

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Whatever you say.

(HE PUTS NICKEL IN, ETC.)

SCENE 4
(INT. JUKEBOX)

TITO:

Show time! Let's sell
it!

DIDI:

Nickelaires, here we
come!

SCENE 5
(MAINSET)

(AS THE MUSIC PLAYS, SCHEMER PRODS THE KIDS TO DANCE, FINALLY HAS TO PHYSICALLY SPIN AND MANIPULATE THEM IN TIME TO THE MUSIC AS HUME SMILES AND STACY AND BILLY LOOK UNEASY. BY THE END, SCHEMER LOOKS TRIUMPHANT AND KIDS ARE DISGUSTED)

HUME:

(CLAPPING)

Very amusing. Such a clever idea, keeping children on hand to entertain.

SCHEMER:

And how 'bout that music?!

HUME:

Dreadful, of course.

SCHEMER:

-- of course. But the jukebox itself is --

HUME:

-- utterly appalling, naturally. No one in the Club would be caught dead operating such a thing. One isn't a teenager, after all, is one?

SCHEMER:

Okay, yeah, but the Arcade is --

HUME:

-- rather a sad little joke, isn't it?

SCENE 5 (CONT'D)

KARA:

Schemer doesn't think so.
He loves it--

(SCHEMER CLAPS HAND OVER HER MOUTH)

SCHEMER:

He loves... I loves... I
loves to think about what
else I could do with that
space... Like set up a
booth to sell toxic
chemicals.

HUME:

Interesting. We might
discuss that at another
time.

SCHEMER:

(TO KIDS, BABYISHLY)

So there!

(CUT TO:)

SCENE 6
(INT. JUKEBOX)

(TITO AND DIDI ARE DEPRESSED)

TITO:

I don't get it. I mean,
we didn't play that bad.

DIDI:

Maybe somebody wasn't
trying.

GRACE:

Don't look at me. You
want to blame somebody,
start with that Hobart
Hume.

REX:

If Schemer joins that
club, Tex, what happens
to us?

TEX:

I suppose they'll just
leave us here, Rex.

TITO:

Or sell us to an antique
store.

DIDI:

Or put us in the basement
with a sheet over us
'till the END OF TIME!

ALL:

AAAAHHHH!!

(CUT TO:)

SCENE 7
(MAINSET)

(STACY'S DESK -- STACY AND BILLY
HAVE BEEN LAYING LOW. NOW SCHEMER
AND HUME APPROACH)

HUME:

Schemer, quite frankly, I
don't know if you're
really our kind. Oh, I
don't mind that you work
for a living -- we're a
lot more tolerant of
that sort of thing than
we used to be -- alas --

STACY:

Things were different
fifty years ago, isn't
that right, Mr. Hume?

HUME:

Good Lord, yes. Fifty,
sixty years ago the
Nickelaire Club was much
more selective. Back
when my grandfather,
Hobart Hume the First,
founded the Nicelaire
Club.

STACY:

No working people, no
minorities, no women --
those were the days.

HUME:

They were indeed. You
seem to know your
history, Miss Jones.
I'll just bet you're a
treasure trove of folksy
railroad lore. How about
a few train stories, Miss
Jones.

SCENE 7 (CONT'D)

STACY:

You don't really want to
hear my stories, Mr.
Hume.

HUME:

Indulge me, Stacy. I
love tales about working
people, and I'll bet you
tell them every bit as
well as a man.

STACY:

Some other time, perhaps.

BILLY:

(IMPROVISING)

Stacy, we should have
that meeting in my
workshop.

HUME:

Now that's not fair.
Someone's got to help
make this visit bearable
for me. Folk songs,
little urchins,
uncooperative women --
Good Heavens, Schemer,
what kind of frightful
place is this?

SCHEMER:

Um, uh, it's, uh --

HUME:

You. Billy Two-Feathers.
How about a demonstration
of your people's
wonderful culture. A war
dance, a rain dance, some
medicine man mumbo-jumbo
-- surprise me.

SCENE 7 (CONT'D)

BILLY:

I'd be glad to show you
one of our dances, if
you show me one of yours.

SCHEMER:

Uh, ha- ha... Billy is
such a kidder, eh, Hobe!

HUME:

How droll. Perhaps a bit
later, Chief?

BILLY:

"Chief"?

(SCHEMER DESPERATELY TRIES TO
INTERVENE AND HEAD OFF TROUBLE)

SCHEMER:

Yes! Chief... Chief
Big-Joke Chief Big-Ha-
Ha! Don't worry about
Billy, Mr. Hume. He just
seems obnoxious. But
he's kidding. Same thing
with Miss Jones here.
She's not really sarcas-
tic and hostile -- she's
just fooling. And take
the kids. Please! But
seriously. They only act
snippy and rude. But
it's all a joke! A
funny, amusing, horrible
joke. The whole station
is one big joke! If you
don't like it, Mr. Hume,
all I can say is: don't
blame me. Because nei-
ther do I.

(SILENCE. ALL GLARE AT SCHEMER
EXCEPT HUME, WHO IS MULLING THIS
OVER. SCHEMER EAGERLY FOLLOWS HIM
AS HE BROODS, UNTIL --)

SCENE 7 (CONT'D)

HUME:

Schemer, I've had my doubts about you --

SCHEMER:

Absolutely. Me, too.

HUME:

But I think you show promise. You just may be our kind of people. I'm going back to the Club and discuss this with some colleagues of mine, and then I'll be back.

(MOVES TOWARD PLATFORM)

Miss Jones. Chief Two-Feathers. Children. So delightful meeting you.

(RE: MR. C.'S MESS)

And Schemer -- have somebody attend to this, will you?

(HE EXITS)

(ALL LOOK AT SCHEMER, WHO BEAMS, AND STARTS STRUTTING AROUND)

SCHEMER:

He's something, isn't he?

BILLY:

Yes, and I know just what that something is.

SCHEMER:

The word is class. Total class, with a capital K. Of course, I can take some of the credit. I knew just how to handle him.

SCENE 7 (CONT'D)

STACY:

Schemer, your Mr. Hume is
the most insulting,
prejudiced, arrogant person
I have ever met.

SCHEMER:

Miss Jones. Please.
That's just his
personality.

STACY:

He's snotty and superior,
and thinks he's better
than everybody else.

SCHEMER:

I know. Isn't it great?
But don't worry, you'll
get what you want.

STACY:

Which is what?

SCHEMER:

To join the Nickelaire
Club, of course! Don't
you see the beauty of it?
Once I'm in, I get you
guys in! Clever, or
what?

BILLY:

Schemer, I don't think
you understand what's
going on here.

SCHEMER;

Billy, do I look like a
man who doesn't
understand what's going
on? Trust me.

(STARTS TO EXIT)

SCENE 7 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER (CONT'D):

Oh, and kids? Next time
we do the dance? Let's
have a little smile, huh?

(HE EXITS. THE OTHERS LOOK AT
EACH OTHER, EXASPERATED)

(DISSOLVE TO:)

SCENE 8
(MAINSET)

(LATER -- THE KIDS ARE BACK AT THE
BOARD GAME AS -- ON TICKET BOOTH --
MR. C. APPEARS, IMMACULATE IN HIS
CLEAN CLUB DRESS. KIDS JOIN HIM)

MR. C:

The meeting of the Clean
Club is in session.
Thank goodness we got rid
of that guy in the Messy
Club.

DAN:

I wish we could join your
clubs, Mr. Conductor.
Schemer's doesn't sound
like much fun.

BECKY:

Stacy says that Mr. Hume
is superior. But what's
wrong with that?
Everybody wants to feel
good about themselves.

MR. C:

Some people feel too
good about themselves.
Take the story of Oliver,
The New Engine... well
you can't take it 'till I
give it to you...

(HE BLOWS HIS WHISTLE)

(DISSOLVE TO:)

SCENE 9

(TTE: #23 -- "OLIVER OWNS UP")

(DISSOLVE TO:)

SCENE 10
(MAINSET)

(RESUME -- MR. C AND KIDS)

KARA;

Oliver's sort of like Mr.
Hume.

BECKY:

I think Mr. Hume is worse
than Oliver. At least Oliver
learned he wasn't better than
everyone else.

SCHEMER(OS):

-- because don't you
think trains have a
certain romantic
something about them?

HUME(OS):

No.

SCHEMER(OS):

Me neither.

(MR. C IS STARTLED, AND BLUNDERS
INTO THE TOFFEE. STRUGGLES)

MR. C:

This is the stickiest
toffee I've ever stepped
in.

(GETS FREE)

Pardon me if I don't
stick around.

(HE YANKS FREE AND DISAPPEARS AS--)

(PLATFORM -- SCHEMER AND HUME
ENTER)

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Ah. Dan and Kara and
Becky. Still children, I
see.

HUME:

But what's this? Where's
the entertainment you
promised me? Where's
Chief Two-Arrows? And
little Stacy with her
folksy stories?

SCHEMER;

Uh, they must have
stepped out. Chief Billy
maybe have heap-big pow-
wow with iron horse --

(ANGLE ON BILLY'S WORKSHOP -- STACY
AND BILLY COME OUT, REGARD HUME)

(RESUME -- SCHEMER PLOWS ON AS
STACY AND BILLY JOIN)

-- and Stacy be out
curling her hair.

HUME;

Here they are. Stacy.
Be a good girl and spin
us a few yarns.

STACY:

I don't think so, Mr.
Hume.

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

HUME:

(TO SCHEMER)

Isn't that like a woman?
They lead you on, then
change their minds.

(TO BILLY)

How about you, Chief?
Going to let me down,
too? No dance?

STACY:

Mr. Hume, I've changed my
mind. I'll tell you a
story.

SCHEMER:

Great!

STACY:

Once upon a time, there
was a lady named
Gracey Jones. She was
manager of a train
station.

SCHEMER:

Hey, what a coincidence!

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

STACY:

The station was one of the most important places in the town. Everybody used it -- the rich, the poor, for business trips and vacation trips, for receiving mail and sending presents. And everyone knew Gracey. She ran the station beautifully.

One day Gracy decided to join the local business and social club. She didn't know it at the time, but the club didn't accept women. So when she applied, she was turned down. Not because she wasn't a good citizen, or a good person. Not because no one knew who she was, or thought she wasn't important to the town. She was turned down because she was a woman. She was very disturbed by this, because she thought she had the respect of everyone in town. The club was the Nickelaire Club, Mr. Hume. And Gracy was my grandmother.

SCHEMER:

Ooops.

HUME:

A heartbreaking story, Miss Jones. But I'm afraid that was before my time.

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

STACY:

Actually, Mr. Hobert Hume III, you're no different from your grandfather, Hobart Home I, the founder of the club and the president at that time. You've behaved arrogantly and insensitively. You walk in here and insult the children, you insult Billy, and you insult me. You are absolutely insensitive to anyone else's feelings. The only feeling you are sensitive to is your own desire to feel superior to everyone around you. You are welcome to use this station if you have a train to catch, Mr. Hume. But I would ask you to conduct your club's business elsewhere.

(SHE TURNS AND WALKS OFF, TO WORKSHOP. SILENCE. DEADPAN, BILLY GOES TO HUME, COMES IN MENACINGLY CLOSE TO HIM. HUME SHRINKS BACK. BILLY PAUSES, THEN--)

BILLY:

I've met people like you before and I don't ever want to meet people like you again.

(HE TURNS AND FOLLOWS STACY. HUME BREATHES EASIER AS SCHEMER NERVOUSLY TRIES TO LAUGH IT OFF)

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Don't worry about Stacy.
She's just nervous
because she wants to join
the club, too. They all
do! Right, kids?

(ANGLE ON KIDS -- THEY GLARE BACK)

(SCHEMER LEADS HUME TOWARD TICKET
DESK AND CANDY)

They're so cute.
Anyway, I told Stacy,
once I'm in the club,
we'll let her and Billy
and the kids in,
too, right?

HUME:

Good Lord, man. Talk
sense.

SCHEMER:

What do you mean?

HUME:

I remind you we are
speaking of the
Nickelaire Club. We don't
want them in our club.
They're children.

SCHEMER:

So--?

HUME:

Miss Jones will not be
admitted because, like
her grandmother, she is a
woman.

SCHEMER:

But so what --?

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

HUME:

And Mr. Two-Ponies will
not be admitted
because ..

(LOWERS VOICE)

.. because he is an
Indian.

SCHEMER:

I know he is. So what?

HUME:

And let no one call me
prejudiced, either. I
would feel the same if he
were Black, Hispanic,
Asian, or Jewish, too.

SCHEMER:

Wait a minute...

HUME:

They aren't my kind of
people. I should say --

(PUTS ARM AROUND SCHEMER)

-- our kind of people.
Because you, Schemer, are
my kind of people.

SCHEMER:

Hold on --

HUME:

And we have to stick
together. That's why we
have the Nickelaire Club.
And that's why we're
almost ready to accept
you as a member. All you
have to do is cut off
that curl, and you're one
of us.

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Cut off the curl? Are you crazy? That's what makes me...me! What kind of club is it if everyone's like you? That's no fun!

HUME:

My dear boy. "Fun" has nothing to do with it. The purpose of the Nickelaire Club is to provide a haven from the rest of the world.

(SCHEMER THINKS, NODS, THEN DIRECTS HUME TO THE CANDY)

SCHEMER:

Okay. Well, first, have some toffee. My mommy made it.

HUME:

Thank you. Don't mind if I do.

(HUME POPS ONE IN, AND FINDS HIS MOUTH IS STUCK)

MMMF! CNNMNDTFFM!
(ETC.)

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Sticky, huh?

(OFF HUME'S NOISES)

You can say that again.
Anyway, Mr. Hume, I just
wanted to say, I don't
think I want to be in
your club.

(THE KIDS PERK UP AT THIS AND HURRY
OVER)

Yeah, I mean, if it's not
good enough for all my
friends here, how good
can it be?

(STACY AND BILLY EMERGE FROM
WORKSHOP AND LISTEN IN)

Plus I can keep my curl.
So, no thanks, and.. you
know... scram.

HUME:

Mummfs!, (meaning
"Scram?")

SCHEMER:

Yeah, that's right. If
you don't like my
friends, scram!

(HUME RECOILS, INDIGNANT)

HUME:

Mummf's ("That's an
outrage!")

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

(ON FINAL WORD HE SLAMS HIS FIST DOWN -- RIGHT INTO THE CAKE. PANICS, AND SWEEPS HIS HAND IN A WIDE ARC, AS THOUGH TO SHAKE OFF CAKE. THIS KNOCKS OVER THE DISH OF GINGER BREAD MEN. HE DRAWS HIMSELF UP, GIVES A HAUGHTY NOD, AND STARTS TO STRIDE OFF -- AND SLIPS IMMEDIATELY ON GINGER BREAD MEN, AND FALLS SPECTACULARLY ON HIS BEHIND. THE KIDS START TO LAUGH GLEEFULLY, BUT STACY WAVES THEM QUITE. BILLY GOES OVER AND OFFERS HIS HAND. HUME TAKES IT, CLIMBS TO HIS FEET, SNATCHES HIS HAND BACK, AND STOMPS OUT. BEAT. THEY ALL CLUSTER AROUND SCHEMER, TALKING AND SHAKING HIS HAND AND POUNDING HIM ON THE BACK)

SCHEMER:

Thank you. The nerve of that guy.

STACY:

We're proud of you, Schemer!

SCHEMER:

Nah. I didn't really want to be in that club anyway. Hey, listen, who wants some toffee?

(EVERYONE SUDDENLY STOPS AND LOOKS AWAY, "BUSY" OR PREOCCUPIED, SMILING POLITELY)

(SCHEMER SHRUGS)

Okay. More for me.

(HE OPENS WIDE, IS ABOUT TO POP ONE IN -- BUT STOPS, PUTS IT BACK, AND SMILES INNOCENTLY AT EVERYONE)

(DISSOLVE TO:)

SCENE 11
(MAINSET)

(LATER -- MR. C. IS IN HIS CLEAN CLUB GETUP, HAS FINISHED CLEANING UP THE MESS HE LEFT AS KIDS ENTER FROM PLATFORM AND STOP, STUNNED)

DAN:

Mr. Conductor, who cleaned up the station?

MR. C:

The Clean Club. Who else? Because: A) It's our job, and B) I thought Schemer deserved a little help after standing up to Mr. Hume like that.

(HE DISAPPEARS AS SCHEMER ENTERS, GLUM)

KARA:

What's wrong, Schemer?

SCHEMER:

Uh, nothing.

(LOOKS AROUND)

Hey, who cleaned up the place?

BECKY:

Um -- one of your fans.

(WITH HIM AS HE LOOKS AROUND, BAFFLED. BEHIND HIM, THE KIDS QUIETLY CONFER. THEN THEY BREAK AND JOIN HIM)

DAN:

Schemer, we have an announcement to make.

SCENE 11 (CONT'D)

KARA:

We're starting a new club.

BECKY:

Everybody can be in it.

DAN:

But we want you to be the very first member.

SCHEMER:

(PERKING UP)

Really? You mean it?

(OFF THEIR NODS)

Wow, great! But only if I can be treasurer.

(THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, SHRUG)

KARA:

Okay. Sure.

SCHEMER:

Terrific. Now. Let's everybody talk about finances. Everybody will need to pay a nickel to join, and a nickel per month for dues... and a nickel for administrative purposes...

(THE KIDS TRADE LOOKS AS SCHEMER KEEPS SPOUTING FEES AND WE --)

(FADE OUT)

(END)